let?

my children

Manila, smiled:

rails of velvet.

to commit murder.

peared, it was alleged.

tor."

conductor's watch-pocket. The con-

Then Mallory, standing with his

right hand on military duty, put out

find my bracelet. Where's my brace-

"Silence! Silence!" Dr. Temple

Marjorie shifted Snoozleums to her

left arm, put her right hand into Mai-

When the old clergyman had done

tor's very midst, and remembering

"You may fire when ready, conduc-

cord with the other. The train began

to creak and tug and shift. The ding-

dong of the bell floated murmurous-

ly back as from a lofty steeple, and

the clickety-click, click-clickety-click

quickened and softened into a pleas-

way was so smooth for the wheels

that they seemed to be spinning on

THE END.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Excitement over the mysterious

assault several weeks ago on Mrs. F.

O. Beach, a prominent New York wo-

man, who is spending the winter at

Aiken, S. C., was increased late yes-

terday when a warrant was issued

for the arrest of her millionaire hus-

band, charging that he slashed her

throat. The warrant charged Beach

with assault and battery with intent

The story of the incident made

known the day after the attack was

that Mrs. Beach heard a noise in

front of her residence here on the

night she was wounded. She went in-

to the yard to investigate and was

handed a note by a negro, who seized

her and slashed her on the throat

with a sharp weapon, inflicting an

ugly wound. The negro then disap-

According to a statement attrib-

uted to Mrs. Beach, the note handed

her was signed "Marie," who is said

to-be a servant in the employ of Mrs.

ductor came to attention.

The curious gallant edged her way, keeping a sharp watch along the line: "What d'you want?"

Marjorie leaned nearer, and spoke in a low tone with an amiable smile:

went back, and tapped Kathleen on the shoulder. When she turned round, in the hope that he had reconsidered his refusal to make the trade, he infuriated her by growling: "Excuse

He ran his hand along her arm, and found her bracelet, and accomplished for he besitated, and called out: what Mallory had failed in, its re-

wished on."

"I wish it off," the villain laughed, and it joined the growing heap in the gaws. feed-bag.

Kathleen, doubly enraged, broke out viciously: "You're a common, sneaking-"

'Ah, turn round!" the man roared,

but with such small reward that he said: "Say, you'd oughter have a pocketbook somewhere. Where's it

brute.

snorted, "perdooce the purse, or I'll hunt for it myself."

after some management of her skirts, slapped her handbag into the eager palm' with a wrathful; "You're no gen. tleman, sir!"

"If I was, I'd be in Wall street," he laughed. "Now you can turn round." And when she turned, he saw a bit of chain depending from her back bair. He tugged, and brought away the locket, and then proceeded to

on the wretch with a heartsick ap-

ever have a mother?"

his hand across his eyes,

ain't fair. If you're goin' to remind | calmiy blow a hole through him, and |

business, or I'll blow your mush-bowt off a precipice and leave Marjorie off. You know your Maw died before alone among strangers, with a dead

much for the little old lady's little time. old husband. He fairly shricked:

scoundrel, and the best argument 1 eyer saw for hell-fire!"

But her husband answered in selfdefense: "Even a minister has a right

Mallory almost dropped in his tracks, and Marjorie keeled over on

him, as he gasped: "Good Lord, Dr. Temple, you are a-a minister?"

fessed, glad that the robbers had rewith the rest of his private properties. Mallory looked at the collapsing Marjorie and groaned: "And he was in the next berth all this time!

made a second sensation. Mrs. Fesdick called from far down the hisle: "Dr. Temple, you're not a detective?" Mrs. Temple shouted back furious- laugh. ly: "How dare you?"

But Mrs. Fosdick was crying to her luscious-eyed mate: "Oh, Arthur, he's not a detective. Embrace me!

And they embraced, while the robbers looked on aghast at the sudden oblivion they had fallen into. They focussed the attention on themselves again, however, with a feroclous: "Here, hands up!" But they did not see 16, and Mrs. Fosdick steal a Kiss

ding ring." "Agh, what do I care!" the rufflan

That broke Mallory's heart. With a wild, bellowing, "Damn you!" he by speaking across a barrier: hurled himself at the man, with only his bare hands for weapons.

CHAPTER XL.

A Hero in Spite of Himself. Passion sent Mallory into the unplanned the way. He had been studygestures, his way of turning, and how he held the revolver. He had noted sengers, did not keep his finger on

Marjorie's little battle threw the desperado off his balance a trifle; as he recovered, Mallory struck him, and swept him on over against the back and establishing him as jailer, with of a seat. At the same instant, Mailory's right hand went like lightning your eye off 'em." to the trigger guard, and gripped the fingers in a vise of steel, while be drove the man's elbow back against his side. Mallory's left band meanwhile flung around his enemy's neck, just a-itchin' fer them lovin' triggers." and gave him a spinning fall that sent his left hand out for balance. It fell tured revolvers, lest a need might across the back of the seat, and Mul- arise suddenly again. As he hurried lory pinioned it with elbow and knee down the aisle, he was received with before it could escape.

coddle!" was the answer he got, and All in the same crowded moment. his left knuckles jolted the man's chin And now everybody had been in the air, and so bewildered him robbed but Marjorie. She happened to that his muscles relaxed enough for be at the center of the line, and both "I seen her first," the first one at the other robber, and finally to get surreptitiously showing him the entire control of it.

The thing had happened in such a flash that the second outlaw could "I tell you I did." They glared hardly believe his eyes. The shrick droop: "She'll get it back!" he grimly threateningly at each other, and their of the astounded passengers, and the revolvers seemed to meet, like two gun from its holster, and made for a trouble!" when he signed: "Oh. Lawd, if they'd double volley, but there was nothing This brought the rivals to their evil to aim at. Mallory was crouched in the seat, and almost perfectly covsenses, and they swept the line with ered by a human shield.

Still, from force of habit and foolhardy pluck, Bill aimed at Mallory's right eyebrow, just abast Jake's right ear, and shouted his old motto:

"Hands up! you!" "Hands up yourself!" answered Mallory, and his victim, shuddering at lory had given her as the first token | the fierce look in his comrade's eyes, gasped: "For God's sake, don't shoot,

Even then the fellow stood his Mallory threw such ringing determination into one last: "Hands up, or by But his soldier-schooling had drilled God I'll fire!" that he caved in, lifted his fingers from the triggers, turned the guns up and slowly

through the car, and Mallory, still He had kept telling himself that keeping his eye on Bill, got down cauwhen the finger of one of these men | tiensly from the seat. The moment touched so much as Marjorie's hem. he released Jake's left hand, it darted to the helster where his second gun gulped hard as he drew the back of on the profane inferent. And he was waiting. But before he could Rept telling himself that the moment clutch the butt of it. Mallory jabbed the muzzle of his own revolver in the man's back, and growled: "Put 'em me of me poor old mo-mo-mother-" drop him at Mariorle's feet, while the up!" And the robber's left hand But the one called Jake-the Claude other passengers shrank away in ter- joined the right in air, while Mallory's

> Mallory stood for a moment, breathing hard and a little incredulous at his own swift, sweet triumph. Then he made an effort to speak as if this sort of thing were quite common with him, as if he overpowered a pair of outlaws every morning before breakfast, but his voice cracked as he said. in a drawing-room tone:

> lieving that man of those guns?" Or. Temple was so set up by this

And now that he saw the clumsy-"Walter!" Mrs. Temple checked jewelry, he felt all that he had forehim, before he could utter the beauseen, and his head fought almost in tiful word, and Dr. Temple looked at her almost reproachfully, as he vain against the white fire of his sighed: "Golly, I should like to swear like a leaf, and the sweat globed on

just once more." Then he reached up and disarmed the man who had taken his wallet

American children breathe in this desperado romance with their earliest traditions, and Dr. Temple felt all his beyhood zest surge back with a boy's tremendous rapture in a deed of derring-do. And now nothing could check his swagger, as he said to Mallory:

He felt like apologizing for the clerical relapse into a pulpitism, but instantly a gun was jabbed into his Mallory answered briskly: "We'd better take them into the smoking room. They scare the ladies. But first, will

body my things," and then he jabbed ductor advanced on him threateninghis robber with one of the revolvers, and commanded: "Forward, march!" The little triumphal procession

his left hand, and gave the word: "Now, parson." The rest went after those opulent He smiled still more as he heard Kathleen's voice wailing: "But I can't

CHAPTER XLI.

Clickety-Clickety-Clickety. commanded, and then: "Join hands, Marjorie, as the supposed wife of the rescuing angel, was permitted hunted for was a certain gold bracelory's, and Dr. Temple, standing belet that was none of hers. She found tween them, began to drone the viciously that she gave a little cry of thanks, and concealed it among her ritual. own things.

Mrs. Temple gave her a guilty start, his work, the young husband-at-last graciously rescinded military law, recalled the artillery from the conduc-

"Mrs. Mallory, your husband is the bravest man on earth."

"Oh, I know he is," Marjorie beamed, and added with a spasm of conscience: "but he isn't my husband!"

Mrs. Temple gasped in horror, but

Marjorie dragged her close, and poured out the whole story, while the other passengers recovered their proping the robber all the time, as if the erties with as much joy as if they were all new gifts found on a bush. Meanwhile, under Mallory's guidance, the porter fastened the outlaws together back to back with the straps

> was rejoicing that his harvest of tips was not blighted after all. Mallory completed his bliss, by giving him Dr. Temple's brace of guns, a warning: "Now, porter, don't take

"Lordy, I won't bat an eyelld."

"If either of these lads coughs, put a hole through both of 'em.' The porter chuckled: "My fingers is

Mallery pocketed two of the capcheers. The passengers gave him an ovation, but he only smiled timidly, and made haste to Marjorie's side.

She regarded him with such idolatry that he almost regretted his deed. Mallery's right fingers to squirm their But this mood soon passed in her exway to the trigger, and aim the gun citement, and in a moment she was bracelet. He became an accessory after the fact, and shared her guilt, for when she groaned with a sudden answered, "Oh, no she won't!" hoistgrunt of Mallory's prisoner, as he ed the window, and flung the bracelet crashed backward, woke him to the into a little pool by the side of the need for action. He caught his other | track, with a farewell: "Good-bye,

> As he drew his head in, a side giance showed him that up near the engine a third train-robber held the miserably weary train crew in line. He found the conductor just about

to pull the bellrope, to proceed. The conductor had forgotten all about the rest of the staff. Mailory took him aside, and told him the situation, then turned to Marjorie, said: "Excuse me a minute," and hurried forward. The conductor followed Mallory through the train into the baggage coach.

The first news the third outlaw had of the counter-revolution occurring in ground, and debated the issue, till the sleeping car was a mysterious builet that flicked the dust near his heel, and a sonorous shout of "Hands up!" As he whirled in amaze, he saw two revolvers aimed point blank hoisted his gans without parley, and thirty feet away. While Tava was him from behind a trunk. He the train crew trussed him up in short adjusting the explosive the lever was

Mallory ran back to Marjorie, and the conductor followed more slowly, reassuring the passengers in the other cars, and making certain that the train was ready to move on its way. Mallory went straight to Dr. Tem-

ple, with a burning demand: "You dear old fraud, will you marry

Dr. Temple laughed and nodded. Marjorte and Mrs. Temple had been fled at once. His victim will die, telling him the story of the prolonged elopement, and he was eager to atone for his own deception, by putting an

end to their misery. "Just wait one moment," he said, and as a final proof of affection, he unbuttoned his collar and put it on backwards. Mrs. Temple brought out the discarded bib, and he donned it meekly. The transformation ex- day. Its costliness and want of trafplained many a mystery the old man had enmeshed himself in.

Even at he made ready for the ceremony, the conductor appeared, looked him over, grinned, and reached | cold. for the bell-cord, with a cheerful: "All aboard!"

Mallory had a sort of superstitious dread, not entirely unfounded on experience, that if the train got under way again, it would run into some new obstacle to his marriage. He turned to the conductor:

till after my wedding, won't you?" It was not much to ask in return for his services, but the conductor was tired of being second in command. He growled:

"Not a minute. We're 'way behind "You might wait till I'm married,"

Mallory pleaded. "Not on your life!" the conductor answered, and he pulled the bell-rope twice; in the distance, the whistle an-

the conductor take those bags and distribute the contents to their rightful owners?"

The conductor was proud to act as lieutenant to this lieutenant, and he quickly relieved the robbers of their loot-kits.

Mallory smiled. "Don't give any-"

The conductor take those bags and distribute the contents to their rightful owners?"

Mallory's temper flared again. He cried: "This train edesn't go another step till I'm married!" He reached up and pulled the bell-rope once; in the distance the whistle sounded once.

Mallory smiled. "Don't give any-"

Three Cans Peas - - - 25e live.

Three Cans Sour Kraut - - 25e lour Cans Sour Kraut - - 25e lour Cans Sour Kraut - - 25e lour Cans Table Peaches - - 25e l

This was high treason, and the conso certain of what D.D. will do for you that we offer you a full size bottle on this guarantee -if you do not find that this guarantee:—If you do not find that it takes away the itch AT ONCE it costs you not a cent.

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Ballots to be counted must be separated and carefully trimmed around border, and deposited unfolded.

Use this ballot to vote for yourself or a friend in the Tour of Europe. THIS BALLOT WILL BE VOID AFTER 4 p. m. APRII -13, 1912.

When used to nominate a friend in the Tour Contest this will count

SPRING HOUSE CLEANING.

The conductor's rage had cooled, DON'T MAKE YOUR SPRING HOUSE CLEANING AN ANNUAL and he slapped the bridegroom on the HARDSHIP, TO BE REGARDED WITH DREAD. back with one hand, as he pulled the

A SUCTION CLEANER attached to any ordinary electric lamp socket draws every particle of dirt from carpets, furniture, pictures, wall paper, hangings and upholstering, and deposits it in a bag, from which it can be emptied into the ash barrel. ant gossip, as the speed grew, and the

It takes germs and all, leaving the rooms sweet and clean, and it is

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We rent this Cleaner for \$1.50 per day, and send a man to show you how to operate it.

House cleaning time is almost upon us, so he wise and engage the Cleaner in advance.

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Royal and Wolfe Streets. trict.

Lowell, Mass., April 9.-Nearly

New York, Philadelphia and other cities to be cared for while the strike is on here by Industrial Workers of the World leaders within a week This move was taken to indicate that the 16,000 striking textile operatives

Today was quiet in the mill dis-

behind their upraised arms, for the CHAPTER XXXIX. robber to whose lot Mallory fell was gloating over his well-filled wallet. Wolves in the Fold. Mallory saw it go with fortitude, but Mallory's heart sank to its usual noting a piece of legal paper, he said: depth, but Marjorie had another of "Say, old man, you don't want that her inspirations. She startled everymarriage license, do you?" body by suddenly beckoning and call-The robber handled it as if it were ing: "Excuse me, Mr. Robber. Come hot-as if he had burned his fingers here, please," on some such document once before, and he stuffed it back in Mallory's

Meanwhile the other felon turned

Dr. Temple's pocket. "Not so worse

for a parson," he grinned. "You must

be one of them Fifth avenue sky-

And now Mrs. Temple's gentle eyes

and voice filled with tears again: "Oh,

don't take that. That's the money for

his vacation -- after thirty long years.

Her appeals seemed always to find

the tender spot of this robber's heart,

"Shall we overlook the parson's wad,

"Take it, and shut up, you molly-

the vacation funds joined the old gew.

men reached her at the same time:

The porter voiced the general hope,

heart-stopping yelp: "Hands up!"

him to govern his impulses, to play

when the moment was ripe with per-

He told himself that, while it might

man and a scandal, as the only re-

The worst of it was the shivering

But the robbers kept glancing this

"Who's moving?" Mallory answered,

And now the man called Bill had

But Jake, who had chosen Mar-

way and that, and one motion would

feet opportunity.

his forehead.

her, and I'll take the west."

"You did not," the other roared.

"I tell you I did."

game cocks, beak to beak.

only shoot each other."

Please don't take that."

shaffures."

podner?

shouted.

pocket. "I should say not. Keep it. Turn round." up another beautiful pile of bills in

"That lady who wanted to kiss you has a bracelet up her sleeve." The robber stared across his mask, and wondered, but laughed, and grunted: "Much obliged." Then he

me miss. I overlooked a bet."

moval. "Don't, don't," cried Kathleen, "it's

and she obeyed in silence. Then he explored Mrs. Whitcomb,

Mrs. Whitcomb blushed furiously: "None of your business, you low "Perdoore, madame," the scoundrel

Mrs. Whitcomb turned away, and those terrifying muzzles and that

side-combs, the little gold chain at her throat, the jeweled pin that Malof his love. He had foreseen the wild rage that sound Ashton for hidden wealth. would unseat his reason when he saw

And now Mrs. Temple began to sob, as she parted with an old-fashioned the dirty hands of thieves laid rudely brooch and two old-fashioned rings on the sacred body of his beloved. that had been her little vanities for the quarter of a century and more. The old clergyman could have went the coward when there was no hope with her at the vandalism. He turned

"Can't you spare those? Didn't you

The robber started, his fierce eyes softened, his voice choked, and he he would be forced to fling himself "Aw, hell," he whimpered, "that he did this, the other man would

Daval who had been prevented from | ror. a display of human sentiment, did not intend to be cheated. He thundered; be a fine impulse to leap to her de-"Stop it, Bill. You 'tend strictly to fense, it was a fool impulse to leap

This reminder sobered the weeping | wards for his impulse. He vowed that thief at once, and he went back to he would hold himself in check, and work ruthlessly. "Oh, all right, Jake. let the robbers take everything, leav-Sorry, ma'am, but business is busi- ing him only the name of coward, ness." And he dumped Mrs. Temple's provided they left him also the power trinkets into the satchel. It was too to defend Marjoric better at another

"Young man, you're a damned handed thugs rifling his sweetheart's

Mrs. Temple's grief changed to horror at such a bolt from the blue: heart. Between them he trembled "Walter!" she gasped, "such language!

to swear once in his lifetime." she turned on him. But he clenched his teeth and walted, thinking fiercely, watching, like a hovering eagle, & chance to swoop.

"Yes, my boy," the old man conmean death. They themselves were lieved him of his guilty secret along | so overwrought with their own ordeal and its immediate conclusion, that they would have killed anybody. Mailocy shifted his foot cautiously, and

stomach, with a snarl: "Don't you The unmasking of the old fraud move!" with a poor imitation of a eareless

reached Marjorie's right hand. He chortled: "Golly, look at the shiners." jorie's left hand, roared:

> measly plain gold band." "Oh, don't take that!" gasped, clenching her hand. Mallart's heart acted at the thought

"Say, you cheated. All I get is this

of this final sacrilege. He had the lowed by Dr. Temple, looking like a right pocket and jammed it into the license, and the minister at last-and whole field battery, followed by Jake, now the fiends were going to carry of followed by Mallory, followed by the the wedding ring. He controlled him- porter and as many of the other pasself with a desperate exort, and sengers as could crowd into the smokstooped to plead: "Say, old man, don't ing room. take that. That's not fair."

"Shut up, both of you," Jake feed-bags, growled, and jabbed him again with

He gave the ring a jerk, but Marjorie, in the very face of the weapon. would not let go. She struggled and tugged, weeping and imploring: "Oh, don't, don't take that! It's my wed- first search, and the first thing she

snarled, and wrenched her finger so it and seized it with a prayer of

equal fight with two armed and desperate outlaws. But reason had villain were a war-map, studying his that the man, as he frisked the pasof their own feed-bags. The porter the trigger, but on the guard.

Bill said: "You take the east side of And they began to snatch away her

The young soldier had foreseen this, | Bill!"

of successful battle, and to strike only | hands above his head. A profound "Ah!" of relief soughed

left hand lifted the revolver.

"Dr. Temple, would you mind re-

distinction that he answered: "Not by

terror of Marjorie, and the pitiful eyes | and his wife's keepsakes.

"What shall we do with these dam-ned sinners?"

Mallory smiled. "Don't give any-

ly, as he seized the cord once more. You touch that rope again, and I'll-" "Oh, po, you won't," said Mallory, moved off, with Bill in the lead, fol- as hat whished a revolver from his

Joseph Harriman. It is stated that Mrs. Beach formerly was the wife of one of the Havemeyers. After a quarrel between the Italians, Packa Paglo and Pharato Tava,

it is charged that Paglo tried to murder the other with dynamite at Waynesboro, Pa., Saturday, while Tava was in the trench adjusting a fuse to do some blasting. When they went to work Saturday

Paglo said he would "finish" his former friend before the day was over. A blast was to be fired and Tava went into the ditch to wire the dynamite proceed with the battery, which was pulled and the blast went off.

A horrible shriek went up from the man in the ditch and dozens of workmen went to his rescue. He was found almost smothered in blood, and broken stones had made a hundred punctures in his body from his thighs to the crown of his head. His featares were unrecognizable. He was blind and his pain was intense. Paglo

Plans for the construction of a canal between the Anacostia river and the Chesapeake in order to give Baltimore and Washington a short and direct water route were disapproved by the National Waterways Commission in a report made public yesterfic for the proposed canal are given

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," wries Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Aus tralia. This remedy is for sale by all dealers .- Adv.

urned to the conductor: "Say, old man, just hold the train Your Druggist Stops That Itch ALEXAND RIA-VA.

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